

DEATH and the GRAVE,

Without either Sting or Victory: or,
A few Lines not without Reason, shewing to the World something of
the worth of that Able and Humble Minister of the Gospel Mr. *Christopher Fowler*, who departed this Life upon the 15. of *January 1671*.

By one who was brought to hear him through Lying Reports.

*Are these my words that here are put in Print,
'Tis God clears Fowler, I am Passive in't.*

Surpris'd again am I! by things thus vain,
I thought they had me wain'd, but now again
My heart was caught with *Fowler*, and I Cry
To think that he too, should be Vanity;
Whom none could silence, but Death, and that dull Pit,
Bare Sickness could not keep him from the Pulpit.
O how his hearers mourn! by sight I speak,
'Tis well each full Heart can at two Eyes Leak.
Their weepings such, a Parrellel I lack,
Where all are Mourners, though but few in Black.
He us'd to sit with them, hear at Christ's Table,
In a low seat, though he was Honourable.
Christ saw him so, and said unto him Friend,
Come sit here with me at the upper End.
Now he with worship is gon to that Throne
He knew so well, yet he was better known.
But O how dark Gods House grows in our day,
A laze, our Landlord takes our Lights away.
My Eyes are Dim, or else in my Souls sight,
This Window lately stopt, gave in great light:
The Sun shon Clear through him, he was a Man,
Who as a Pillar for Gods Truth did stand.
He had much grace, yet understand a right,
Christ was the Supper, he did but invite.
Ah! he could speak the speech of *Canaan's* Land,
None but Christs Schollers him could understand.
Though many came to hear, from Satan's School,
'Twas such did teare this Usher such a Fool;
But it's to them Christ threatneth Hell Fire,
And till you meet the Judge, he doth Retire,
Leaving his two last Sermons for your Warning,
His dying Words was, Lord, forgive their Scorning.
But *England, England*, we fear *sa'd* thy harp,
Thy *Hedg* is broke, yet few do see the Gap.
Much wrath sure comes together, cause God makes
The Gap yet wider, pulling up more stakes,
Which doth preface no good, it should affright,
To see thy Watch thus drop in thy Midnight;
This Watchman did give warning, whilst he stood
That Sin would Ruin, therefore will thy Blood.
If thou miscarry, lie on the right Shelf,
Not on the Watchman, but upon thy Self,
Did he not say Christ came and took our Evils,
To overthrow both Power and Work of Devils.
Shall we maintain, O then, that Wickedness,
That put a Saviour under such distress;
O no dear Lord, we must be holy here,
If we be happy when we disappear.
Did he not say, had God made thee a Beast,
Doubtless thy being would at Death have ceas'd.
But there's no help, now God hath made thee Man,
But thou must be all ways, do what thou can.
Did he not say, there's nought but Sin God hates,
And none can Love it that to him relates.
Did he not say, such Faith is but a Cheat
Which those pretend, yet can use deceit.
Can Swear, can Drink, can Scoff, can Lye, can Whore,
Yet say they hope to be sav'd evermore.
Did he not say true Faith, and Holyness,
Shew forth each other, breath doth Life Express,
We might as well go take heat from the Sun,
As Works from true Faith where it is begun.
He told of Hell, he said that men might Fear,
Yea know it's Torment, and might not go there.
Did he not say Eternity makes hast
To us in Scripture, and we run as fast
To it in course of nature, it's a wonder
If two thus running, can be long a funder;
How light he thought this World, is evident,
With Food and Raiment we should be content.
The whole Creation he said with us store,
Can give but this, and we can use no more.
Such as know Sin, do understand Christs merrie,
A Pardon suits with a condemned Spirit.
Did he not press us to see God in all,
In *Shimeas* Curse *David* did hear God call.
Afflictions do not rise out of the dust,
Those that know God, do know him to be just.
Most of Christs Sermons was 'gainst meer just men,
Our danger lies in lawful things, O then,
As he would say, the Ox, the Farm, the Wife,
Kept most from tasting of the bread of Life.
Yet he did Preach good works, the only thing,
But yet to trust in, he made Christ our King,

Did he not prove Gods Laws to be our Rule,
And Christ our Righteousness, who on a Mule
Rid to *Jerusalem*, went weeping thus,
To give such Righteousness, God first gave us.
A perfect one Gods Law on us requires,
And we in this may answer its desires.
Did he not humbly pray, when he had done,
If its my Fancy, that from me now run,
Lord scatter it, yea, let it be as dust
To tread upon, that none to it may trust.
But if it's truth spoke from the word of truth,
A message from the Lord; then let both youth
And old Age two live to it, else he told,
That very Word in Judgment would take hold.
Yea, he would say, we hear the word as man's,
and that's the reason it for little stands.
Though it's a Treasure that through Pipes doth drain,
And it's our Joy, its Spring doth yet remain:
How full, yet mild, he answered any doubt,
Though some quear'd as he Preach't, to put him out.
He Preach't one Sermon lasted thirty year,
By a good Life he did his doctrine clear.
In season, yea and out, this Teacher Taught,
Yet was he not for this to Heaven brought.
His gifts could not be pent in by a glass,
Only Gods Spirit he their bounder was.
What shall we say, his hearers so lament,
It speaks he gave them more then bare content.
He was a man for Learning, Grace and Gifts,
To set up Christ, few like to *Fowler* lifts;
Yet we will yeild he was the Drunkards Song,
Yea the Profane men's Scoff he dwelt among.
As *David* was, then sure these went one way,
And both refer their Cause till Judgment day.
For Scripture Language, Scoffers would him Scoff,
'Twas ignorance Alas did make them laugh.
If any say, at what Scripture my Friend?
Nabum the second and the latter end.
As he but nam'd it, yea he bore their Scorns
Joshua the sixth, where it speaks of Rams Horns.
And many more of such like I could tell,
But now alas is fallen in *Israel*.
A mighty man for which my heart now bleeds,
I mourn, I mourn, and so may he that Reads.
Did he for Scoffers ever change his tone,
From that plain way by which he made Christ known.
Though he had parts enough to get him Fame,
Yet he for Souls good, valu'd not his name.
Inform Informers, then the King of Kings,
Is angry cause they Force such birds to wings
Which us'd to sing to him, who owns the cage,
As reason is if they will not asswage.
Inform them then that he hath laid a Trap
Will catch all vermine, if Death on them Clap.
He'll hold them fast for robbing of his Cages,
Whose a great King, and like to him his rage is.
If this and more almost a stranger tell,
What may they say that knew him very well.

AN ACCROSTICK.

Can't mourn for Sin that did thy Saviour pierce,
Hark bark thee then, dear *Fowler's* in a Hearse,
Run to it then, and know the reason why,
I hear de doth but in a *Sunder* lie,
Step then to Death, and make him show his Sting,
Truly saies Death, In me to him could bring:
Only I cast his Corps into a Trance,
Puerly they Sleep, his Soul I did advance.
He'll wake again cause he had a Reprieve,
Early when morning comes, you may believe,
Run back and tell his Friends they need not grieve.

Friends did you hear what Death saies? yes we do,
O that he may say thus much of us too.
What, did you love his Company so well,
Live as he did, and you may with him dwell.
Endless are Joys, where Friends must never part,
Run where this Treasure is, and leave thy heart.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a house pull'd down, whilst it stood Buils,
It was with grace within most richly guils.
Hear it mut lie till th' Landlord comes, and then,
It must in Glory be built up agen.

A few Lines which was dropt *Jan. the 4th 1676*.
being the *Thursday* before Mr. *Fowler* Preacht
his two last Sermons to his Congregation,
and is supposed to be the occasion of his
Preaching from those words, *John 16. vers. 8.*
And was dropt in Love for the Incourag-
ment of him and his Hearers. Intitled, *No-
thing but Truth.*

Dear *Fowler* thou art much Envy'd
By such as cannot thee gainsay,
Thy Doctrine by Gods word is tri'd;
But such whose Doctrine from it stray.
Raise false Reports for their defence,
The Gospel by thee shines so bright;
And's fain to say thou speaks Nonsense,
For to extinguish thy great Light.
Just as they did with *Paul* before,
What will this Babler say they said,
To make his Zeal and Doctrine Poor,
A mad man two of him they made,
Cause he made Christ of most Repute,
As *Fowler* doth, this clears our Eyes,
Reproach or naught must them Confute,
Cause no man Living is so wise.
The Rage of Satan sure is great,
For Taking Arrows from Gods Quiver,
This *Fowler* shoots at Satans seat,
Tea takes his Fowl out of his River,
This *Fowler* two doth hit the Pope,
That subtil Fowl, a Bird of Prey,
Makes some in darkness for him Grope,
Who cannot answer by fair Play.
The Quaker, yea and the Socinean,
Hates *Fowler* cause he exalts Christ,
And jump together in Opinion,
To set up man and good works highest.
The scoffing *Athist* two comes in,
And joyns himself with each bad thing,
And though he counts a Lye no sin,
Yet as he saies the rest report.
The hardened sinner two bears part,
Cause *Fowler* shoots at his fowl trade,
And though with Lies he guards his Heart,
Yet God hath him a *Fowler* made.
For truth by him doth cast such light
As Baffles every Bat and Owl,
Tea all that fly in Popish Night,
And doth discover unclean Fowl.

The Seed he Sows is Pure and good,
Then one may know who Sows these Tears,
'Tis Satan sows them in his Brood,
Who always deals in such light VVares.
As Christ will judg. so men should Preach,
And bow plain he says, go ye Curs'd,
Such as smooth Sinners should not Teach,
Cause Sinners will to Hell be forc'd.
Familiar Preaching then is best,
In plainness thou doest show thy Parts,
VVith Christ thou entertainst thy Guest,
Not with thy Sciences and Arts.
And such as Scoff at Holyness,
Or Jest with Scripture in our Nation,
Will find when Death shall them Undress,
That Holyness was the best Fashion.
Tea, such as dayly boast of Sin,
If for their Pains, they look for Praise,
Let them have Patience and begin,
To boit of Death and Judgment days.
Therefore thy clearing day doth hast,
When these p'or men will change their Story,
Meanwhile thy gifts spend not in wast,
For which we give to God the Glory.

This being so before his Death, makes the thing
more remarkable, and was put with these by
the desire of some.